The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLI November 3, 1944 NUMBER 3

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1944 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year. Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

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The Election

IT IS ONE thing to work consistently for a socio-economic program such as that outlined elsewhere in this twentieth anniversary issue by Martin C. Kyne and the Editors; it is another to concentrate all one's civic efforts on getting the right man elected President every four years. But both tasks are inextricably bound together. Obviously social progress is more possible under one type of administration than it is under another. And with our form of political democracy whatever administration is in power is under constant, well-planned pressures from private interests of every description. The developments which we need to secure a healthy and stable economy at home, together with peace and security in the world generally, depend both upon the views of the men in responsible political posts and the unflagging efforts of all those who are outside the government itself.

At this juncture in our history the choice of the President and administration who are to lead the nation during the next four years could hardly be of greater moment. To those readers whose minds are not fully made up in the matter we suggest by name no specific candidate nor any one political party. Rather we urge them at this critical hour to vote for the men who give the most promise of making possible—of resisting least, in any case—an approximation of the ideals we hold for America and the governance of the world generally. This November we must all do what we can to elect to national, state and municipal office the men who will provide an atmosphere least hostile to a condition of the soundly distributed wealth, power and responsibility which will make our American ideal a reality. We urge this touchstone upon all our readers, leaving to their good individual judgment the determination of the men to vote for.

At the same time it is worth noting how many Americans lapse back into civic lethargy once the electoral returns are finally counted. Not that American men and women get more worked up today about elections than they did in the days of political street fights and torchlight processions. Quite the contrary. But the popular sentiment seems to grow that once the right man has been put in office, the job is done. It is his responsibility now. The act of citizenship in peacetime consists only in voting once every four years; in between times let the government worry about housing, education, health conditions, the problem and care of the unemployed. And then people wonder at the success of the private lobbies at state capitols and in Washington! Even the approximation of a good all-round social program, as Professor Simon reminded us in these pages last week, implies "a fight which will never be finished."

The Export Prospect

AMONG the rosy thoughts about the long-awaited days of peace, few are more prominent with the nation's businessmen than that of a great expansion of American exports to foreign lands. It is the current theme of trade association meetings. It is broached as the panacea for the new depression that threatens in the next few years. It is a simple, attractive pipe dream.

Consider first some of the factors which must be weighed in any adequate appraisal of the situation. The British are convinced that they must double their peacetime exports after the war if their economy is to survive. So adamant is this conviction that they are willing to go to almost any length in order to expand their exports sufficiently. Cartels and flexible currency are among the devices they have very much in mind. And the way they are hanging on to their economic contacts in the Argentine is a case in point. No one is more energetic than the Englishman when he believes his survival is at stake. That he should cut into our exports after the war is, therefore, more than likely.

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Perhaps even more restricting to our dreams of postwar trade expansion is the development of industrial facilities in all corners of the globe under the impact of this far-flung war. The Union of South Africa with a cheap labor supply of some 25,000,000 natives is just embarking on a large-scale program of industrial expansion. Huge new steel plants are already in operation. Much the same is true of Australia on a somewhat smaller scale. The steel manufacturing facilities just developed in Brazil will be adequate to supply the greater part of South America. And we must not forget recent Russian and Canadian developments in heavy industry. This is something to think about when we remember that our own heavy industry, which has been terrifically expanded during this war, is the problem child, whose slacking off is the first real sign that a depression is at hand.

At the same time the war has led to the setting up of many lighter industries in countries formerly dependent for such goods on the world outside. The current *Business Week* tells of a factory in Sao Paulo, Brazil, soon to be producing refrigerators, radios and much other electrical equipment. Brazil's textile industry likewise is expanding. The Dominican Republic will complete its first textile mill early next year. These are only a few instances among very many. But they are enough to indicate that much of our former export market will be permanently lost to us.

The *Times* reports a ten-year estimate by the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs that almost six billion dollars worth of industrial machinery is required by the Central and South American republics—over one-third of this huge sum by Brazil. It is also estimated that the great bulk of this equipment will be purchased during the first four years after the war and that the United States Government will be able to supply some 60 percent of the used machinery required. What this means, of course, is that the Latin American countries will be producing for themselves many of the products they hitherto had to import in exchange for their own low-priced raw materials.

Of course there is a reverse side to this medal. As the relatively undeveloped nations of the world begin to manufacture for their own needs and those of their immediate neighbors, their living standards will go up. New purchasing power will be felt; new wants will clamor to be satisfied. Other products from the United States and elsewhere will be in some demand. Even so, such a market is limited by the fact that only by selling their own products here can foreign nations obtain our products in exchange.

There is sufficient evidence to indicate that it is an illusion to base our hopes on exports as the key to any solid national prosperity. A healthy interchange of goods and services would play an important part, and immediately after hostilities much will be in demand for reconstruction. Yet the development of our own domestic market, a wider distribution of income and security, go to the heart of the problem that we must face.

Means of Creating Wealth

THE CONTINUING series of reports, articles and books on the achievements of the Tennessee Valley Authority has thus far failed to bring home sufficiently to the average citizen the striking significance of that magnificent project. It is a clear-cut demonstration that there are certain instances where government sponsorship and expenditures can actually create wealth for the good of the community. In this aspect such projects are the very opposite of raking leaves and burning them and many other make-work WPA activities which have been so extravagantly criticized.

Similar to the TVA in its potentialities is the series of irrigation projects planned for after the war by the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation. The *Christian Science Monitor* reports that the three billion dollars expenditure contemplated in this connection would provide 135,000 new farms, many of them to be taken up by war veterans. Including the men and women required to supply goods and services to these new farm families it would provide new opportunities for some 2,500,000 persons. If all the available arid and semi-arid lands in the West were assured of adequate moisture by these means, the population in that vast area might double. Large peacetime appropriations for purposes such as these provide one answer to those who believe that our economy has reached a state of maturity.

Twentieth Anniversary

ANY OBJECTIVE allocation of the credit due for twenty years' publication of THE COMMONWEAL would be forced to mention a great number of individuals who in various capacities have contributed to the establishment and continuance of the venture. Foremost is Michael Williams, who when THE COMMONWEAL was only an idea, created the magazine and interested enough people in it to give it a good start; he also was the Editor for its first fifteen years. Philip Burnham, now overseas, served as Editor from 1938 until he was inducted into the American armed forces two and one-half years ago. And, of course, THE COMMONWEAL would never have been around to celebrate its twentieth birthday were it not for the fact that hundreds of generous readers hastened to the rescue on a number of occasions when a severe financial crisis threatened.

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Secret Ballot

NO MATTER how they press upon me, the images of this one world, there is something else to say this week. Ravenna and Venice imperiled must be left unattended. The mist on the North River, the ships ready to sail with the planes strapped down to the deck, the ferries crossing and crossing, must be left unobserved.

Toumanova danced; at Bignou's, Georges Keller showed me a Vuillard with green trees and the building back of them with red and white awnings, with two women talking on a bench in the Tuileries; the Philharmonic played "The Little Train of Caipira"; yet this week I cannot return to Paris in 1900, or to the Tanagra figurines, or to any music and especially not to the music that we heard from a juke box in a bar next to a filling station in Arizona, with the neon lights there in the desert, the harsh music, and we were doing what we could against the loneliness in the night.

It is not the time to talk about the reorganization of the world, and where will be the League of Nations; spheres of influence must remain for the moment underfined, as must, likewise, the airways of the world, world trade, the British Empire; none of the great themes can serve today. It is not a moment to discuss whether you can get justice for the Negro the better through education or through law; or whether Latin should be taught; and all the economics of production, all the projects for the future are as important as anyone wants them to be, but this week there is something more immediate than any of them about which I must write. There is the map of the battlefield, the maps of all the battlefields, there is the map which shows only the waters and the lands with no boundaries anywhere—just the world as it is—and after the battles are fought there is this world which is to be rearranged in justice, reordered and planned in justice. There are also the men who have fought and their sons and the sons of their sons; one can place no limit to the progression; as far as one can imagine there is the world with these children born into it, and then dying, and always the land and the seas, hunger and justice; hunger for justice. That is the way it has always been: a man's life and all that has preceded it and all that will follow it—this most extreme of all disproportions between the instant and eternity.

So that the plans and the efforts are as enduring as memory; we cannot even balance precariously on any precise point between the unlimited past and the limitless future, and there is always the danger that it will not seem of any importance, consequently, whether we know or do not know or remember or care what year it is, or what month, or what day or what hour.

But if you work on schedule you know; the American people are working on schedule; they catch a train, a subway, they walk to work; on November 7 the schedule calls them to elect a President. They know about that—the year, the month, the day. I know about that. I know that the hours of November 7 will be important hours. Because of what is scheduled to take place during them. Sometimes you can say that a few hours will not affect the future, that a few hours can be detached—as in sleep. But sometimes that is impossible. On November 7 it will be impossible to say that the hours do not matter.

The plans for the world, the plans for America, the effort and the task ahead, there will never be a time, an hour, when they will be ended. The effort and the task are ours but they will be there for others still unborn. November 7 will not end the task, settle the future. But Election Day is not just another day; it is a day on which we project a delegate into the future, it is a day on which we ourselves enter the future, a device by which we decide how and through whom we shall work in the future.

The secret ballot is a fine institution but if, under your own name week after week you opposed indiscriminate bombing of cities and civilians, if you said the Italian campaign was not worth the destruction of Italy, then it seems to me that you must go even further than to situate Election Day in relation to a timeless future. If week after week you supported the President in his efforts to prepare the nation for an inevitable war, and his efforts to bring the nation through that war to a just peace, it seems to me that you must go even further than to say that Election Day is important. If week after week you tried to break the barriers which prevent Americans from knowing how a road looks in France with the poplars beside it, or how a man looks walking along it, or how a man is hungry somewhere in Calabria, or how a man is homeless; if you have hated isolationism in every mean and hateful form it has assumed and assumes, if you have defended the Japanese Americans—the Japanese—against race hatred, the Negroes, the Jews, the citizens, the non-citizens, the aliens, the refugees, against the ignorant and the proud, it seems to me that you should know and proclaim what candidate you propose to vote for.

If you had never written anything. If you only had been in the rain in New York, with the people who came out of the factories, with the girls who joked with the cops, waiting for the President to go by, it seems to me that you should be glad to say that you stood with those people and that you stand, openly, for their candidate, Mr. Roosevelt.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Problem of Our American Society

Martin C. Kyne

and the **Editors of The Commonweal**

IN THE MIDST of war we can already clearly see the the central problem of peace for the people of the United States. It is a problem at base economic, but it covers areas moral, social, political; and the effects of its solution or non-solution will be principally felt in these areas. It is the sort of problem in the solution of which the Pope has enjoined the faithful to cooperate with others: "Many well-meaning people, shocked by the accumulation of . . . ruin, are arousing themselves as from a troubled dream, trying even in other camps, hitherto mutually divided into two, to find collaborators, traveling companions and companions-in-arms for the great enterprise of reconstructing a world which has been shaken to its foundations and torn in its innermost framework. There could be nothing more natural or more timely, nothing—given the necessary precautions—more proper."

Briefly stated, here is the central problem of our future: How can we see to it that our economy will provide jobs for all who need jobs, so that an available abundance will replace the scarcity under which a large portion of our people historically have suffered? To do this means to keep the national income at a high and steady level (between 150 and 200 billions) and to ensure that it shall be distributed broadly enough to provide demand for what the nation produces.

If we can solve this problem, we shall not have solved all problems; but if we cannot solve it, most of the more specific social problems will remain unsolved. A decent housing program is impossible unless people have money to pay for it. Nothing in peacetime more greatly contributes to juvenile delinquency than lack of opportunity to work. National solvency, and the security of the vast savings invested by the American people in war bonds, depends upon the maintenance of a high national income; otherwise the government will be unable to bear the burden of its vast indebtedness. An adequate and proper diet for the American people is directly dependent on adequate jobs. Relations between whites and Negroes will deteriorate even further if a scarcity of jobs perpetuates economic discrimination.

And our much-vaunted way of life, our political institutions, our freedoms will melt away under the searing effects of the protracted depression which will be the inevitable result of large-scale unemployment. If we cannot learn to manage our economy for the benefit of the people as a whole within the democratic process, some other process will take its place, and that other process will inevitably be statist or totalitarian. For the war has shown men and women that it is possible for America to operate at full speed, for everyone to have a job, for the national income to reach new record highs. To do so required governmental interference with the normal course of private enterprise. If, when this interference lessens, private enterprise goes back to its old ways, the popular mind is likely to jump to the extreme conclusion; it will go beyond desiring reasonable government regulation and decide that only by means of an all-powerful state can our great natural wealth and energy be harnessed to the welfare of the entire community. This proposition we deny; but its attractive power will be overwhelming if our economy fails to do its job, especially in view of the presence in the population of twelve million discharged service men, habituated to discipline and security.

The authors, firmly committed to both a Judaeo-Christian and a democratic philosophy, therefore feel that it is the duty of all of us to take stock, to see what means are at our disposal to preserve our freedoms both as democrats and as Christians. Let no one suppose that an all-powerful state will long remain tolerant of a genuinely Christian Church. It will either seek to corrupt it, or to destroy it, seeing in it the only social force which by its very nature must remain morally autonomous, and therefore a potential moral rival.

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Before listing some of the means whereby we may work to achieve an economy of abundance, certain terms and concepts need to be clearly defined. The economic dogmas of liberalism—repeatedly condemned by the Church, as well as by many Protestant and Jewish thinkers—have so deeply permeated all our lives that we accept them unthinkingly, as though they were moral or

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natural laws. Thus the notion that property rights are absolute is probably accepted by the vast majority of Americans, no matter what their religious connection. Yet this is a profoundly unchristian notion. In the early Church, the property of all believers was held in common, for the advantage of all, just as it still is in the religious orders and in a very few of the more simple and primitive regions of Europe.

This practice, however, is unworkable when it is not voluntary and when the size of the social unit prevents the close intimacy essential to its success. We reach a second stage in the definition of property. Ownership is a trust, a loan from God, Who is the Father of all men, to be used for one's own *and* the common benefit. Only the ownership of such property as immediately supplies its owners' needs, without involving the needs of other men, even approaches an absolute right. One is not permitted to destroy what might be serviceable to others even if one owns it. Thus the family farm becomes the classic form of true private property, the right to which must be defended at all costs. In a similar category are an artisan's tools, a fisherman's boat, a widow's competence. Anything beyond this is owned strictly in trust, and on the assumption that the owner treat it as a stewardship, for the skilful exercise of which he may be entitled to greater rewards, than his neighbor, but which may never be used to his neighbor's hurt.

This, in summary statement, is the Christian concept of private property. It is very far removed from the "free enterprise" concept of absolute ownership, under which an owner is free to do almost anything his whim may dictate. He can keep thousands of acres lying fallow while his neighbors are landless and hungry. He can close his factory and discharge all those dependent on it for a livelihood simply because that factory is not as profitable as he might wish. And when "free enterprise" ownership assumes a corporate form, in which the owners are totally divorced from physical contact with what they own, the situation is likely to become even less tolerable. Especially is this the case when this form of ownership concentrates vast power in the hands of managers who are not themselves owners; under contemporary conditions this power may exceed that of the state and constitute a threat to the welfare of the community. In September of this year Pius XII again condemned the absolute conception of property rights: "Where . . . capitalism is based on such false concepts as arrogate to itself an unlimited right over property without any subordination to the common good, the Church has condemned it as contrary to the natural law."

Hence there is no theoretic or historical reason why Catholics may not advocate *socialization* where it is necessary. They may not be doctrinaire *socialists,* seeing the remedy for the abuses of capitalism in a total denial of all property rights, but they may be *socializers*—on the one condition that there be no other remedy at hand, for socialization does tend to expand the power of the state, and that power must be limited if we are to avoid tyranny.

For the modern world, then, there are available several altogether licit and practical forms of ownership, better calculated to serve the common welfare than the liberal-capitalist ownership of the past.

Private ownership of an almost absolute character is essential in the realm of personal property—the family's house, clothing, food; a family farm; a carpenter's tools. It applies likewise to investments made from savings, to family-operated businesses. Only as the number of non-family employees increases does the right of ownership become more subject to regulation in the general interest.

Cooperative ownership is a useful and tried device whereby consumers or producers can band together in order more effectively to safeguard their interests.

Corporate ownership is normally the only kind possible for large-scale enterprise. As the sole natural check on its irresponsibility is the necessity of making profits, society must devise other checks to prevent abuse of its power. A great step forward would consist of giving labor a genuine participation in management. The relatively new device of the public corporation (such as the various "port authorities"), financed and in the last analysis owned privately, but the management of which is disassociated from this ultimate ownership—appointed by the state under certain limitations to prevent such appointments being purely political—holds much promise for the future.

Direct state ownership is so subject to abuse that it should exist only where there is no alternative. It is above all dangerous to labor, since under it there is a tendency to deny the right to strike—ultimately labor's only weapon, and the hallmark of a free economy.

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What means, then, are available to us as we seek to maintain in peacetime the level of production achieved in war, and as we seek gradually to expand it to meet the growth of our population? As has been said, the basic need is the achievement of an economy in which no considerable section of our people is required to live at a level below what our society generally views as a decently comfortable minimum. Otherwise the concepts of the dignity of the human person and of democracy in general are meaningless.

Since this condition is basic, the common good

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—the public interest—requires that any activity which potentially may prevent the achievement of this condition shall be subject to restraint by the municipal, state or Federal governments. Now with few exceptions (postal, telephone, telegraph, railway, etc., services) privately owned monopoly in any form tends to contract production by fixing prices at disproportionately high levels. The price of aluminum, for example, has remained substantially the same for several years, regardless of changes in the cost of production, which have diminished steadily. Thus because of artificially high prices aluminum is not available for use in many products where it could be used to advantage. Likewise certain trade unions, by strictly limiting their membership, have achieved artificially high wage rates. This has been especially true in the building trades. And the result has been to place a serious brake on building activity for which there would otherwise be a ready demand. Hence monopoly cannot be tolerated except where necessity requires it, and in such cases it had best be operated either directly by the government or by means of a public corporation, in order to safeguard the public interest. In any case monopoly must be effectively regulated by the Federal government; and the patent system must be thoroughly overhauled.

Hoarded currency likewise tends to contract production. Any device of taxation and fiscal policy which will make such hoarding unattractive is therefore essential. A tax policy which acts as an incentive to investment, and particularly to equity investment (common stocks as distinguished from bonds, debentures, preferred stocks with fixed dividend rates) in new enterprise is highly desirable.

The traditional capitalist and American attitude toward labor as a mere commodity, to be bought in the open market—which induces powerful interests actually to favor unemployment, because unemployment depresses the labor market—must be modified. A systematic educational campaign, building up moral sanctions, and the enactment of minimum wage laws of universal application, coupled with the establishment of unemployment relief standards truly adequate to cushion dislocations, can help to change our traditional attitude. We must remember that existing minimum wage legislation does not cover whole classes of workers—agricultural labor, domestic help, etc.—and that present unemployment relief varies greatly from state to state and is in most states not only niggardly but disproportionately low in view of the funds actually available in state unemployment relief reserves.

The real income of the farming community—owners, tenants, sharecroppers and casual labor alike—must be kept reasonably constant and adequate. Whether this be done as it has been under all recent administrations by means of subsidies, or whether it should be done by attempting to regulate farm prices upward—which is much the same thing in a more troublesome form—is an open question. A most helpful development would be the systematic encouragement of diversified farming and of production for home use on the farm, wherever soil and weather conditions permit. Such a campaign would involve governmental guidence in restoring fertility to worn-out soils and would have to include actual government aid of the FSA variety in order to make smaller farming once again an available and rewarding way of life for a considerable sector of the American people.

The traditional American attitude toward foreign trade and investment, as a one-way process, with our country selling all it can—or gaining all it can by exploitation—and buying the least it can, must be revised, either by our giving up all hope of foreign trade (apart from exotic luxuries) or by facing the necessity of our purchasing approximately as much as we sell. This means either that credits for foreign purchases in this country must be controlled by the banking community or the government and kept within balance, or that the reciprocal trade agreement policy must be greatly extended, or both. The situation immediately to be avoided is an export boom, ending in default, because of our own refusal to accept the only payment those who buy from us can make—goods, raw materials and services. It would be sounder, if we are resolved to refuse to buy as much as we sell, to extend Lend Lease, or to make outright gifts for the rehabilitation of war-devastated lands.

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Essential to any over-all solution of the problem of our American society is the acceptance of planning on a national scale. The more such planning can be done by private groups—trade associations, farm organizations, labor unions, large industries, local authorities—the better, subject always to the planning process not degenerating into disguised monopoly. The proper function of state and Federal government is to integrate and correlate what should principally be done by private initiative. But if private initiative refuses to plan for itself, or to plan with proper regard for the general welfare, a far more direct and active form of government planning is inevitable. Thus the activities of such private agencies as the Committee for Economic Development are praiseworthy in principle, but so far have been largely verbal and hortatory. Furthermore they totally lack formal integration or correlation with government, and have mistakenly been based on the assumption that the job can be effectively done without government's playing any part in it.

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When we speak of planning, we mean merely an extension and integration of a procedure with which American business is already familiar. Thus, for example, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has long had a department whose task it is to determine future needs for telephones, taking into account population trends, business developments, etc., so that its subsidiary manufacturing concern, Western Electric, would not over-expand its facilities and yet would not fail to produce equipment when it was needed. So also some of the automobile manufacturers have conducted elaborate surveys to determine potential markets and supply them efficiently. By planning, then, we mean an attempt to bring production and potential demand as close together as possible throughout the whole of our economy, and thus to stabilize some of the factors which in the past have fluctuated the most violently—leading to booms and depressions. Up to this point private enterprise can do substantially all the work and make all the decisions. But in order that potential demand may be equalled by effective demand, government at this point in the process must intervene and adjust minimum wage rates, unemployment compensation rates and taxes.

Side by side with planning of this type there is a secondary variety of planning designed to raise the over-all standard of living of specific geographical areas. This planning can be done by such private agencies as the great endowed foundations, by municipal government, state government, joint action by two or more states, and finally by the Federal government. The foundations can do a great deal to further the cooperative movement, to study the problems of housing and medical care, etc. Municipal government can implement housing programs. State government can often play a useful rôle in extending electrification. Joint action by two or more states can produce such useful enterprises as the Port of New York Authority. The Federal government can create TVAs—as it is proposed that it should now do in the Missouri Valley, the experiment in the Valley of the Tennessee having been so successful. The execution of such plans should not be viewed as mere public works, serving a pump-priming function in the face of depression. There should of course be a shelf of such public works (court houses, post offices, super highways, libraries, etc.) developed and ready to be carried out, but the kind of enterprise we have in mind here should be a continuous feature of our economy, to be put under way as rapidly as resources and circumstances allow, since in the long run they will serve to increase effective national demand and supply sorely needed expansive factors.

These, then, are some of the means available to us to solve our great problem. No short article—indeed no individual or group of indi-

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viduals—could possibly provide a blueprint guaranteed to bring success. But we are confident that success can be achieved if it is truly desired and if the public will think the problem through.

Many of the lines of approach we have suggested are the sort of thing to which thoughtless persons apply labels. There is only one important thing for all of us to do if we are to avoid the tragedy which would spring from another major depression. That is not to be misled by the application of epithets. Study proposals for what they are—not for what someone else calls them. For only by thinking clearly and freshly can we even approximate a decent world to live in.

Letter from Michael Williams

Westport, Connecticut.

TO the Editors: Your letter telling me that you are planning the twentieth anniversary number of THE COMMONWEAL and inviting me to "write an article in letter form stating frankly what you think about our present editorial policy *in general and in particular*" deserves a reply worthy—at least in its intention and spirit—of the opportunity which the event it announces affords for all who are concerned in the present situation and future prospects of THE COMMONWEAL to express that concern. For all such people are thinking of both the commonweal in general: our national community, and humanity itself; and THE COMMONWEAL in particular, this little, twenty-year-old periodical.

The usual trite, conventional phrases of congratulation customary on such occasions are unavoidable; but I compress them all in a few words whose sincerity, I hope, will reanimate all the clichés possible to be used with their original fervor, when I say in response to your request for my opinion on your editorial policy in general: "It is good indeed, good because it is true; and, in general, well indeed has it been applied in the past, and at present also it is being well applied—and for the future may it be as faithfully applied; but also, let me suggest, let it be applied far more simply, far more clearly, more directly, far less ambiguously than, as it seems to me, your wholly admirable main policies have been and are still being set before the public."

In other words, your scrupulous adherence to your main principle of being fair and truthful and discriminating and above all things just in applying your editorial standards does at times carry you, I think, into that most distressful and distressing condition of mind known in spiritual pathology as "scrupulosity." Then your tendency to hem and haw, and split hairs, and pursue the faintest and finest shades of fine distinctions over the borderline of practical reason into the vague inane of impossibilist perfectionism, makes some of your editorial utterances, as they seem to me, sound more like the examination of conscience of an idealist afflicted with the distress of scrupulosity rather than the workmanship of the realistic journalist. But I hasten to add that I prefer your line, even so, to the grossly partisan and at times wholly unscrupulous editorial utterances of too many of our bigoted and prejudiced and cantankerous Catholic journalists, whose bewildering and saddening productions THE COMMONWEAL, with all its minor faults, serves to correct and refute with its constant and unshaking adherence to the general line of truly Catholic controversy: "Unity in essentials, in questionable matters, liberty; in all things, charity."

Combined with your devotion to that principle, so I rejoicingly affirm, you have maintained—you, the active editors who form and direct policy for THE COMMONWEAL—a wholly admirable ideal of high quality in what you give your readers from other pens than your own; in book reviews, and other forms of cultural criticism, and in purely creative work, the verse, and fiction and essays which give THE COMMONWEAL artistic distinction, and one of the highest of its values. In doing so you, like your Jew fellow spirits in the purely secular zone of journalism, are going against the strong tide of popular taste, running wildly, perhaps madly (but at present most profitably, from a financial point of view) toward lower and lower levels of degradation of thought and expression, in mass production of vulgarized, commercial sensationalism. If democracy in the United States is to prevail against such assaults as the one dealt with this week by Dr. John A. Ryan, it will be necessary, I believe, for its leaders and teachers not merely to show how fallacious, abstractly as well as concretely considered, are the monarchistic-aristocratic-or-élite-leadership ideas of such a critic of democracy as the mysterious "Francis Stuart Campbell," but also to resist and strive mightily to correct that not-to-be-doubted tendency of any democracy not centrally animated by positive moral and spiritual principles to slip and slide and slumber downward through mediocrity into mass animality. And then, of course, at last, and perhaps too late, to start out of its slothful state under the whips of some dictatorship, some tyranny or other.

Among the "particulars" of your policy concerning which you ask my opinion, you name two points. First, do I "like the way THE COMMONWEAL is handling the present election" and, second, what do I think "now" of your point of view on the Spanish Civil War?

Well, I like what I suppose to be your general

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support of President Roosevelt; but I dislike what seems to me to be your altogether too finicky and mild and allusive rather than frank and direct and continuous, expression of that general support. Believing as I do—there is no space in this brief letter to give the grounds for that belief, other than the glaringly dangerous character of the "America First" and "isolationist" and "reactionary" groups leading the campaign for Governor Dewey, and his own palpable ambiguity on the cardinal points of both foreign and domestic policy—but, anyhow, believing, I say, that a victory for Governor Dewey would be a grave defeat for America's highest interests, I would rejoice to see THE COMMONWEAL vigorously, lucidly, continuously *campaigning* for President Roosevelt's re-election.

As for the Spanish Civil War, your attitude in refusing support to either side, which was generally interpreted as constituting support for the cause of the "Loyalists," was sounder than mine in supporting Franco. But I still believe that under the actual circumstances prevailing when the civil war began, especially in view of what was either the participation, or at best the criminal negligence, of the Spanish Republican government in the provocative persecution-to-the-blood of Catholics, as such, as part of a plain design to wipe out Catholicism, the civil war in Spain had become, humanly speaking, both inevitable and necessary. As would have been the case in any other country, it seems to me, where Catholics are neither exclusively Saints, eager only for martyrdom, nor predominantly Caspar Milquetoasts. Today's policy in regard to Spain, I think, is how to get rid of Franco, and his Falange, and what both represent, without handing back the people of Spain to any government, call it what we will, that is as weak and unrepresentative of the population as a whole as was the so-called Republic overthrown by Franco. That appears to be the policy that commends itself to Gil Robles.

Already, however, I have somewhat run over the precious space in the Twentieth Anniversary Number of THE COMMONWEAL which you generously offered; let me, therefore, leave other things I'd like to say to future occasions for speaking, and conclude with my sincere congratulations for your splendid work in maintaining and improving, in vital respects, the work which I had a share in starting, and which I rejoice to behold you carrying on so gallantly, and to express my powerful hope that in the years ahead—especially in the most critical period now upon us—my true praise of your general excellence may be still further justified, and my mild, possibly captious, carpings at particular points proven to be irrelevant.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

SINCE 1886...

men seeking the unusual in quiet, good taste have found it at TRIPLER'S. *A phrase often repeated is "It pays to buy at* TRIPLER'S!"

Each new purchase here means that another man has found a source of lasting satisfaction in the finest ready-to-wear suits, hats and furnishings... all at sensible prices

Our clothes are made from the finest of imported and domestic woolens, and carry the hand-tailoring of HICKEY-FREEMAN—*there are no finer made*

They NEED MORE...
We MUST DO MORE
...*through*...
NEW YORK WAR FUND

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN
Established 1886
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

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Those Who Have Not Fallen

George N. Shuster

THESE twenty years THE COMMONWEAL has gone to press every seventh day. Somebody could always reach into the manuscript drawer and come up with enough copy. Invariably, inevitably, the editor had his say. There was never enough money in the bank, but there was always money in the bank. Let us remember all this. One can think of so many papers—dailies, weeklies, monthly magazines—that had the same axe to grind and that have long since stopped grinding, not because there were no readers or writers, but because there was no freedom. Good brave names were on their mastheads. We have seen those names go down, like flags in a battle of long ago. But our name did not go down.

Let that be a grateful footnote to freedom.

This sentence deserves to stand by itself as a monument does, or indeed as a mother is alone when her child is born. It has been easy to say, upon occasion, that if there only were a ruler to order righteousness into being, and put the crucifixes back into the classrooms, all would be well. And equally simple has been the affirmation of the enemy, who felt sure that if enough bayonets put "science" in the place of "superstition" babies would grow into old men with lights in their hearts. We need not now refer to the story which the old men tell.

But if freedom came back into the world, what would be done with it? That is the question which rings out now, like a buoy bell in a fog. And so it may be worth while to ask what those who were with us in the spirit, those whose names went down, wanted to do with freedom. For this was not a conviction they had come by easily; it cost them their trip into the desert in which alone manna falls. We are interested in their history because hope would not be a virtue were it not hard.

There were parts of Europe in which Catholics fought for liberty against impossible odds. And there were places in which the battle raged on nearly equal terms. You may say, if you like, that the struggle of the Pole and the Irishman was a fight for spiritual self-preservation. Its abiding renown and meaning are not thereby impaired. But when you witness the progress of the campaign for Christian democracy in some such country as Belgium or Italy you find that freedom was at stake in an entirely different sense. Freedom was no longer for the man with his back to the wall. It was rather for all men so that no one would any longer have his back to the wall.

In the year 1938, I crossed the border into the Rhineland for a secret visit with men whose every move interested the Gestapo. Of one of them I shall speak, though the danger is not yet past. Monsignor Mueller was once known as the "red curate." That was because in the days when miners and workingmen in the Rhineland provinces were exploited by a nascent capitalism, he had stood with them even in the face of the Emperor's petulant wrath. He was one of those who helped to form that great movement of popular adult education which was called the *Volksverein,* who toiled to build up the organization of Christian Trade Unionists, and who in 1938 was still the beleaguered director of the "society" in which the Catholic workers of Western Germany were banded together. When nazi racial legislation first went into effect, it was Monsignor Mueller who visited the Cardinal of Cologne and insisted that there be a diocesan interdict against the attack on the Jew. This he did not because he had thought up the idea himself, or because he was being diplomatic in some shrewd way. He did it because it was the only natural thing for him to do. Ever since the 1840's, when the movement that ultimately created the Center Party began, these Catholics had committed themselves to defense of the rights of the Jew. And this action in turn was based both upon belief in the principle that every human spirit is sacred and upon a long struggle for freedom. These Rhinelanders had fought for liberty, against the Roi Soleil and Napoleon, against the potentates of Prussia, and the new plutocratic chiefs. They had a religious, a social and a political definition of freedom.

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This definition is important beyond any importance which my words can attribute to it. They saw that human society can be justly ruled only through the cooperative fiat of the people. No men were ever more deeply convinced that their faith was true and that their Church had been divinely commissioned to teach that truth. But they saw also that there were definite limits, not in practice merely but likewise in virtue, to the priority of religious truth over freedom. In short,

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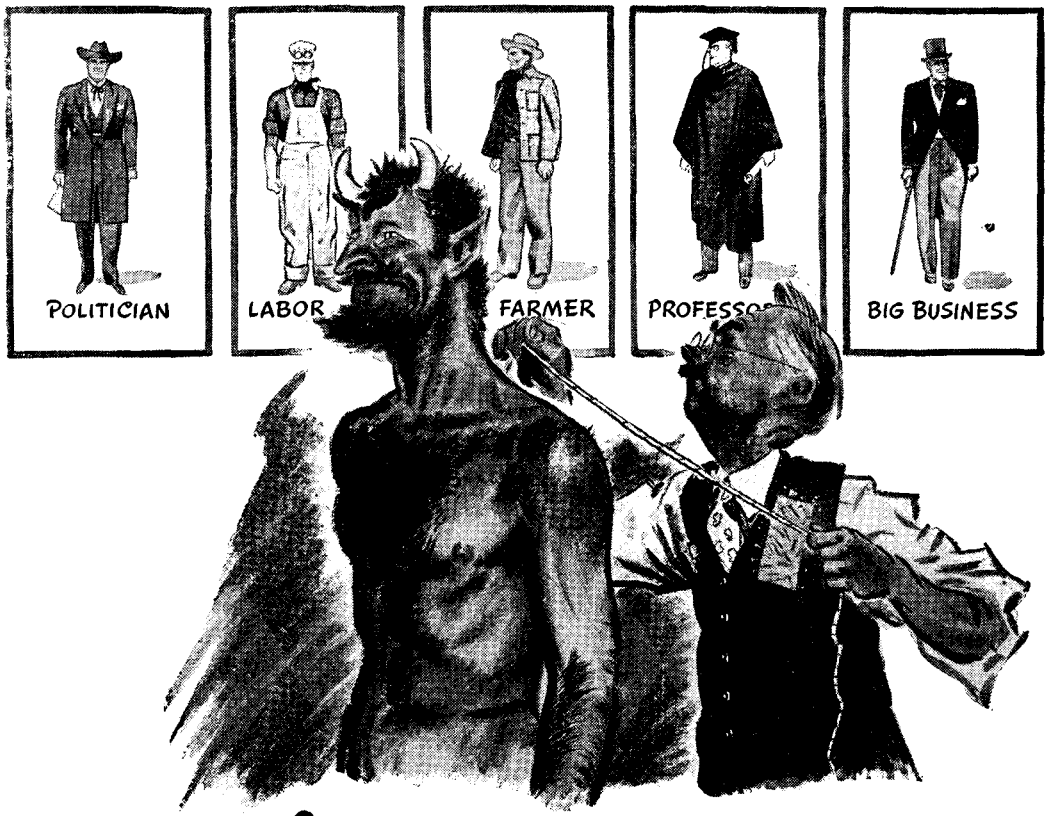


What kind of clothes does the devil wear?

Listen for five minutes in almost any train, bar, living room, or barbershop, when there's a political discussion going on.

You'll hear somebody doing a job on business or labor, on politicians or professors . . . painting them blacker than Beelzebub himself. You can fairly smell the brimstone.

And maybe you'll notice this odd fact, too: *the less the speaker knows about the people he or she is criticizing, the more furious and blistering the comment is apt to be.*

Nobody hates business as much as people who have never worked in business.

Folks who don't bother to vote are the most contemptuous of politicians.

Businessmen who have never read what the professors are really saying are surest that nothing they say makes sense.

And it's usually ladies and gents who never had a labor problem bigger than a cook who see hooves and forked tails sticking out of factory workers' overalls.

If you know a lot of people of all kinds, you aren't likely to hand down these easy black-and-white judgments.

You see (as all of us do when we think about it) that most Americans—businessmen, politicians, farmers, factory workers, professors—are decent, honest citizens, that they have their share of self-interest, but all of them have contributed mightily to the growth and strength and prosperity of America.

In short, no *group* wears the devil's clothes.

But the danger is we may *think* some particular group does—*and insulate ourselves* from all the writings, pronouncements, opinions of any individual in that group.

And thus Americans may deny themselves the help of many intelligent, experienced people at a time when our country needs all the mindpower it can muster.

Problems like today's don't need heat—they need light.

They need light from more than one source . . . more than one newspaper, magazine, or book. They need the pleasant mellow lamp-light of the fellow who agrees with you . . . and the disagreeable blue search-light of the fellow who doesn't.

Most of all, they need the daylight that shines through the clear windows of fact. Facts about our present economic situation in the light of our own past experiences and that of other nations. Facts about the great experiments that have worked and the ones that have failed. Facts about labor and business—about political theory and practice.

Are you getting these facts? Are you being stimulated by the sparks that jump from opposite poles of thinking?

Is your mind a source of light to your friends and your country . . . or of heat?

For instance:

Have you read Eric Johnston's **"Warning to Labor and Management"**? You can get it in bulletin form from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.

Is Frederick Hayek's **"Road to Serfdom,"** (Chicago University Press, 1944), a part of your information on economics?

Have you looked into Teller and Waring's **"The Small Farmer Looks Ahead,"** published by Harpers?

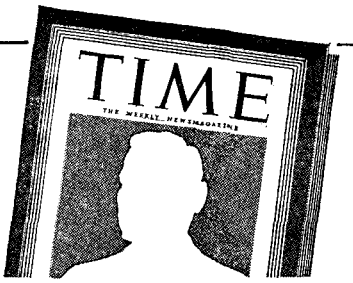
Or that comprehensive book on labor and its problems, **"The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy"** by Clinton S. Golden and Harold J. Ruttenberg (Harpers, 1942)?

TIME believes America's greatest need, now and in the coming years, is for the sovereign people to make up their minds and speak them out.

To do so, citizens must keep themselves *informed.* So, in advertisements like this, TIME is seeking to encourage wide thinking and reading not only of the newspapers and TIME, but also of books and periodicals that argue the cases and advance the causes that are in the news.

For TIME's own future is unalterably linked to a U.S. citizenry deeply concerned about public affairs—to a nation insistent upon seeking the truth and learning from recorded experience.

This is the seventh advertisement in a series TIME is publishing to get more Americans thinking about the problems we must face after the war is won. This reminder that the problems of the 1944 presidential election can be solved wisely only if the electorate keeps an open mind, is appearing in more than 40 newspapers and magazines all across the country.



The weekly NEWSMAGAZINE

9 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20

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theirs was a philosophy not of "tolerance" but of trust. They believed that God could deal with the human heart more effectively than could the sheriff. And so they cooperated with religious Protestants in the creation of joint trade unions. They tried to make their great political party an organization to which Protestants and Jews could belong. And many did. They joined with the Social Democrats for the attainment of common ends.

All of this the English understood remarkably well. It was not a mere coincidence that a great cardinal of the Oxford Movement, Manning, shared with a great German bishop, Ketteler, in the writing of the Leonine Encyclical on labor. And when in our time Father O'Hea set about so intelligently to foster an English Catholic labor movement, he did it in effective liaison with the great German organizations that were his models. One does not understand the true temper of modern English Catholicism if one thinks of it only in terms of distributism. This has always been an intellectualist utopia. The men who fight for Catholic social justice in the factories of Manchester and Glasgow have a different outlook on life. They have gone into the British Labour Party because that is where they belong.

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Meanwhile the French and the Italians had done their part. In France the task was for a hundred reasons more difficult. The bourgeosie had won the Revolution, but not the peace which followed the Revolution. Capitalism, as it developed in France, did not make use of old, established colonies of artisans, but drained peasants from the land, into cities where they were homeless and forgotten. It was farther from the street of the *Bonne Presse* to the workers' suburbs than it is from the North Pole to Timbuctoo. Bazin will still give you impressions of the naked truth, in his bitter, close-cropped Angevin way. But though the battle was against odds, it was not lost. Slowly, desperately slowly, the movement progressed. It was met four-square by counter-attacks like that of *l'Action Française,* romantic flirtations with the myth of Comte and the mirage of fascism which fascinated the bright boys in the better lycées. But in the end there was a great Parisian Cardinal, there was a magnificent new youth movement sweeping out of Belgium, and there was Monsignor Beaupin. It is worth noting that in France, where the religious orders were suppressed, these same orders have played a notable social rôle. Without the Jesuits, the Dominicans and the Sulpicians, the fight could not have been as nearly won. I will say nothing here of the dolorous story of Italy. The great man who did so much to build it up is still with us. He alone is privileged to speak of it.

But I do want to add a word about Holland and Belgium, if only because it is necessary to keep the record straight. There is only one other Catholic in the world, except the Pope, who could get out for his funeral a crowd like that which came to honor Al Smith. That man is Monsignor Poels, since 1940 in hiding somewhere, a refugee from his native Holland. The other day there was a piece in the paper about Heerlen, which some reporter said reminded our G.I.'s of a nice industrial suburb. Heerlen is Monsignor Poels's home town. It is spick and span; it is inhabited by some of the most hard-boiled coal miners in the world. The Monsignor saw to it that they got decent houses to live in, schools and the rest of it. They got them without a revolution. Indeed, representatives of the miners met regularly for discussion with their employers. Monsignor Poels's district is probably the only region of heavy industry in the world in which there has never been a communist movement. Nobody ever wanted one.

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Now then, you may say that in spite of all this the battle was lost. Along came Hitler, and where then was freedom? Are we to admit that the very obvious lesson is that force must be marshalled by those who have all the answers for the "control of Europe"? Lord Vansittart's inspectors of German education, for example, would then impeccably see to it that Hans and Gretchen learned only what was good for them. And possibly there would exist inside Stalin's monolithic state some caste of priests to cater to the religious needs of such persons as still professed to have such needs. They would have a harmless set of mademoiselles teaching the French irregular verbs of the spiritual life. I concede that there is every indication of Europe's buckling down in this way. We may hear, if we listen, the cheers of the *canaille* veering from day to day with the political wind. And the likelihood of this coming to pass is strengthened by the fact that the monstrous weapons which science has made available to the rabid and discontented must at all cost be kept filmly in the hands of the contented . . . that nothing else counts, very much.

But I am sure that those who have fallen, whose ashes have been sent so efficiently *via* parcel post from the Gestapo to the sorrowing relatives, must have craved some other solution as they died. Does it matter a little what they thought? Or shall we write off a hundred years because, forsooth, Trott zu Stolz went back to Germany in order to fight Hitler and thus failed to sit tranquilly on his tail in Detroit? Perhaps it is only because I have known so many—Catholic, Protestant and Jewish—who cared for the idea that the world might some day live morally and in free-

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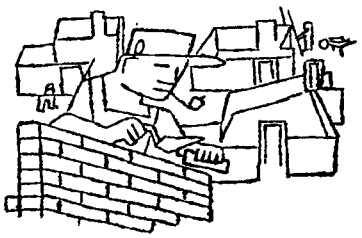
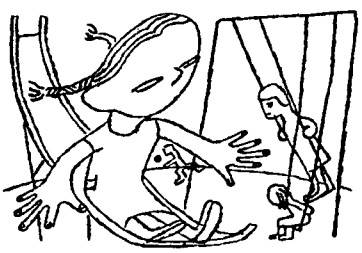
THE ROOSEVELT RECORD

JOB LINES, NOT BREAD LINES



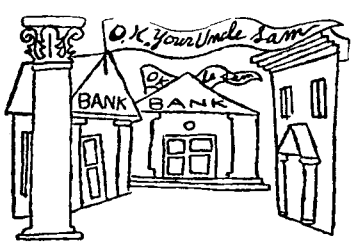
UNION RECOGNITION

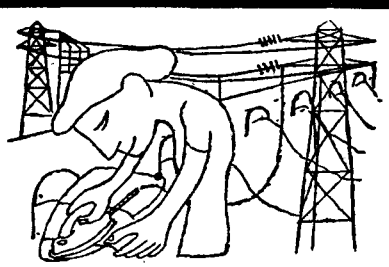
HOMES FOR WORKERS



CHILDREN'S "NEW DEAL"

FARMERS' SALVATION





FINANCIAL REFORMS

VAST PUBLIC WORKS

The Roosevelt record is one of continual aid to the American people. Under Roosevelt, workers' lines replaced bread lines. Employment rose from 37 to 45 millions. The Wagner Act ushered in collective bargaining. Labor's rights were recognized and protected. Low-cost housing for workers followed. The HOLC saved a million homes.

In the Republican 20's, child labor, slums and sweat shops were rampant. Under Roosevelt, the Fair Labor Standards Act reduced child labor. Slum clearance projects gave the children play space and sunshine. Under the Farm Security Administration, 950,000 small farmers were freed from the shackles of farm tenancy. Climaxed by Hoover, bank failures totaled 5,770. Roosevelt restored confidence, eliminated failures and insured all depositors. "Public works for the people's benefit" said Roosevelt. The New Deal did this. Remember the reduced electricity rates the TVA brought?

Vote for

Roosevelt and a Progressive Congress!

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA

15 Union Square New York City

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dom alike, and who suffered for this belief, that I struggle against the oblivion into which their memories are falling. And so let me say in their behalf that they would have been neither brutal nor sentimental because noble men and women are never these. They would have said, first of all, that humanity is desperately ill, and that the worst part of its sickness is not to be described in terms of scrofula or tuberculosis, hunger and prostitution. The trouble is that man is severed from himself. He cannot be inwardly free, because freedom presupposes communication. Man cannot any longer talk to himself, because he does not know who he is. These are no riddles. The peoples of the earth have been doing stupendous things without knowing why. They have done good and evil without being able to tell good from evil. Victory or defeat? Yes, but what is victory?

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Let us say that it is writing a prelude to freedom. We must have quiet long enough to see again who we are. Enough quiet to listen to God tell us what He wants us to do. A pause during which the poor that always dwell with us are not racked this way and that by slogans and hullabaloo, but can plant and husband justice as they sow and garner grain. We will sit beside the guns and the tanks that are used no more and think of the bitter verity that we can clothe ourselves in armor but that we cannot be like unto the lilies of the field. And when we have thought long enough we shall grow tired of the stillness and we shall ask ourselves, "What can we do in order to build up a worthy house for humanity?" The answer then will be no different for us than it has been for those who went before. We can only try to build our world on a base of freedom, though we can never be sure that men will let that foundation alone. There is one thing merely we can do for our fellow men. We can give them what we have been given. We have nothing else to give.

Remember, we are those who have not fallen. Of so many of the rest nothing whatever remains—neither their bodies, nor their houses, nor even their graves. When the library of the German Catholic Volksverein was sold, it went to the Social Democrats of Amsterdam. Nobody else put in a bid. And what happened to the Social Democrats of Amsterdam God only knows. There are deep furrows, which are called graves. Nothing may stir out of them till judgment day. But we have not fallen. We carry something which it would be pleasant to call a torch. Only it is more precious than that. It may soon be all that is left of the Christian life upon the earth. Or of freedom. The closer you look at these two, the more tragically certain you are that they happen to be the same.

Communications

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The White House,
Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: It is a pleasure to congratulate you and THE COMMONWEAL on the completion of twenty years of distinguished service to American journalism. Throughout these twenty years THE COMMONWEAL has maintained the highest standards of editorial integrity.

In its discussions of national and international issues, it has been independent and courageous, devoted to those causes for which we fight today and opposed always to every form of racial and religious intolerance. You have every reason to be proud of your long contribution to liberal American opinion, and I wish you continued success in the years ahead.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

Des Moines, Ia.

TO the Editors: Greetings to THE COMMONWEAL—a staunch supporter of Catholic Agrarianism—a review which one can admire, question, disagree with and still support whole-heartedly.

THE RT. REV. L. G. LIGUTTI,
Executive Secretary,
Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Washington, D. C.

T the Editors: Hearty congratulations to THE COMMONWEAL on its twentieth anniversary! At the present time it comes nearer ,I think, to the goal which most of its readers and well wishers have desired it to reach than at any previous period in its history. It is realistic without being reactionary, idealistic without being utopian and liberal in the best sense of the term.

RT. REV. JOHN A. RYAN, *Director,*
Department of Social Action,
National Catholic Welfare Conference.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: When THE COMMONWEAL was launched twenty years ago there was expressed the sort of natural anxiety which one always hears on such occasions. There was a fear among the friends of *America* that the appearance of a new weekly, originated and carried on by Catholic laymen, would in some way slacken *America's* pace, that it might produce some sort of a duplication.

Such fears, however, proved, happily, to be ungrounded. As subscriptions began and rose for THE COMMONWEAL, subscriptions, too, increased for *America.* And as then, so it proved in later years, that when one publication advanced the other advanced with it. You may draw a conclusion from this phenomenon that the problem of all high-class "opinion" journalism is fundamentally that of getting people to read serious and useful matter at all, and that once they have formed the habit

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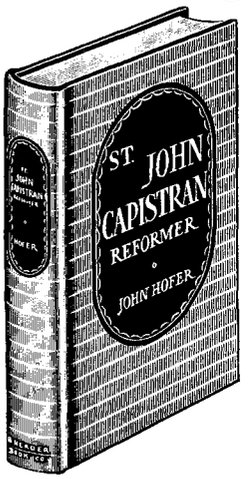
Timely Suggestions for Catholic Book Week



ST. JOHN CAPISTRAN
Reformer

by Rev. John Hofer
tr. by Rev. P. Cummins, O.S.B.

$4.00

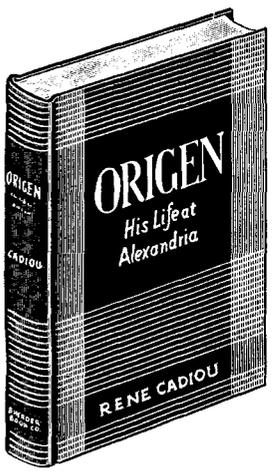
SCHOOLBOY memories led me to read this book. Reading led to translation. I wished to pass on to others this new and inspiring picture of the last crusader.
From the Translator's Preface

JAMES LAYNEZ
JESUIT. *Illustrated.*

by Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

$3.00

The biography of this prominent theologian whose life extended from 1512 to 1565 necessarily casts light on four important events which are interrelated: the Reformation, the origin of the Society of Jesus, the Council of Trent, and the Counter-reformation. This work in a difficult field has lasting value.



SAINT CECIL CYPRIAN

by Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

$2.50

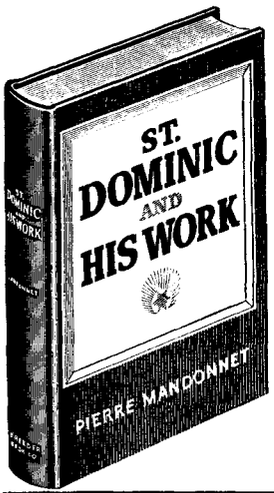
Here is one saint whose life is anything but dull. In fact, it has all the elements of vivid drama, even of melodrama.

ORIGEN
His Life at Alexandria

by Rene Cadiou
tr. by John A. Southwell

$3.25

The author and his translator have put Catholics much in their debt for a penetrating psychological study of the Origen of the fruitful earlier years at Alexandria.



ST. DOMINIC AND HIS WORK

by Pierre Mandonnet, O.P.
tr. by Sister M. Benedicta Larkin, O.P.

$5.00

". . . a unique biographical creation as well as a monumental historical survey . . ."
John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati

LIFE OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO

by Most Rev. C. Orsenigo
tr. by Rev. R. Kraus

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they are not content with one publication but will desire several. At any rate, it laid promptly the ghost of any anticipated rivalry.

As then, so too now, as I trust it will always be, THE COMMONWEAL and *America* are complementary one to the other. It would be a misfortune for either publication if either one of them were to suffer injury. *America* feels, moreover, that THE COMMONWEAL is reaching its readers intelligently and constructively. It has made a lasting record for itself by its promptness and courage in espousing those causes which help to the enriching of our Catholic life. On matters concerning human rights, which are fundamental in the present crisis of world affairs, THE COMMONWEAL has taken a particularly vigorous and undaunted stand. May its excellent articles, its illuminating book reviews and its cordial atmosphere of a cheerful literary family continue and flourish *ad multos annos*.

THE REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.,
Editor of America.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In a country where the Catholic press is, in the great majority of cases, edited by religious orders and dioceses themselves, the initiative of a review like THE COMMONWEAL, edited by laymen who express the main progressive ideals and feelings of the American Catholic laity, and who give their contribution to the common cause, has been and is still a fact of high importance.

My acquaintance with THE COMMONWEAL has been steady from the day it was introduced to me in London eighteen years ago by a friend of mine who showed me a copy and discussed with me some facts about Catholicism in America. I had read, at that time, a French book on Cardinal Gibbons, edited by l'Abbé Lugan, and I was really interested in the future of American Catholicism.

Then it seemed to me that the wave of American isolationism was not well fought by the Catholic press as a nationalistic evil, comparable in some ways to the French nationalism of Maurras and to the Italian nationalism of Mussolini of the same day.

Moreover, for us Christian Democrats of Europe, it was inconceivable that certain quarters of the same press (with the good exception of THE COMMONWEAL) gave help to the European reactionarism and totalitarianism and that they were disinterested in the experiment of Christian democracy. At that time we Europeans often said that America was very far and, for us, out of the picture.

Now, on the contrary, America is a leading power and a leading people of the world; and Europe is suffering unknown destruction and disruption. America must accept her new mission (given her by God) as the very leader of the world for the coming peace in justice and liberty just as she is leading now in war and victory.

In such a task, American Catholics must accept their place and their responsibility. It would be inconceivable for America to adopt a new isolationism. America and Europe must work together for the best and for ever.

This, in my mind, is the right position that THE COMMONWEAL must maintain as congenial to its character and in accord with the past twenty years of good work. This review must be more and more the free interpreter, not only of the opinion of its readers, but of those Americans who are really animated by human and Christian responsibility and love for their suffering brothers, and at the same time in accord with a far reaching outlook on the real interests of their country, combining generous ideas and initiatives with sound policy.

DON LUIGI STURZO.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I hasten to take a few minutes out of crowded hours at home between campaign trips to send you greetings on your twentieth anniversary.

I am ashamed that in my present rush, I can't do justice to the occasion. I am a reader and an admirer of THE COMMONWEAL. I think it is fortunate for America that a magazine openly avowing its loyalty to the Catholic Church renders such service to all that is best in America. May I add that I think it is fortunate for the Church! At any rate, it seems to me that an informed and intelligent Christian conscience speaks in your pages.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is a privilege to join the many friends and admirers of THE COMMONWEAL in extending cordial felicitations on the twentieth anniversary of the review which has become so important to the entire community.

We are indeed fortunate to have the benefit of a weekly that considers with intelligence and understanding the major problems and happenings of our day and interprets them not only for one group but for all.

I earnestly hope that THE COMMONWEAL may celebrate many returns of its anniversary and may continue indefinitely its fine contribution.

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN,
President,
Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The survival of our way of life is dependent upon honest discussion. The ability to make proper decisions is dependent upon the presentation of all sides of controversial issues. However, analysis is not enough. Once the direction is pointed out, we must act in the interests of our family, our community, our nation. THE COMMONWEAL performs a unique rôle in sharpening the mental sensitivity of its leaders and pointing in the direction of a better life in these confused days.

I like THE COMMONWEAL because of its analysis, its synthesis, and its forthrightness.

PHILIP MURRAY,
President,
Congress of Industrial Organizations.

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AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Fellow Republicans:

I am addressing this letter especially to those of you who have been fighting within the ranks of our party for an enlightened and courageous foreign policy.

For almost five years our leader in this fight has been Wendell L. Willkie, who dedicated his political career to awakening in our party a sense of the new responsibilities that America must undertake.

Mr. Willkie has gone from us. His death is a national tragedy. And it comes at a most critical time, when it is necessary for us to choose between the contending candidates in this election.

●

It is impossible to credit anyone who attempts to tell us which candidate Mr. Willkie would have chosen. All such efforts to speak for him are shameful. He went on record again and again that he had not yet made up his mind.

Instead of trying to put words into the mouth of one who cannot speak, each of us must now speak for himself on the issues only. As independent-minded citizens we must resolve our problems according to our own best judgment, and with that courage which Wendell Willkie always expected of every American.

Speaking, therefore, only for myself, it is my considered judgment that the single most important issue of our time is that of international security. I do not mean merely security from war, but also security for the great doctrines of freedom without which this nation cannot endure.

Without such international security no major domestic problem can be solved, and no domestic "reform" can be realized. **Our first steps in domestic policy must be taken in foreign policy.**

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It is also my considered judgment that the candidate who was chosen at Chicago

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**By the workings of o
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this is no year to do that.**

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**two-party system there are
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rowing your vote away—and**

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from Russell W. Davenport

FORMER EDITOR FORTUNE MAGAZINE
CLOSE FRIEND AND CO-WORKER OF WENDELL WILLKIE

But we in New York State are fortunate, because there is a way by which we can cast a real protest vote and *yet vote affirmatively.*

On the ballots this year you will find that Franklin Roosevelt is the nominee of three parties — Democratic, American Labor, and LIBERAL. My suggestion is that you vote on the Liberal Party line.

•

I make this suggestion because, if, like me, you are an enrolled Republican, you will surely find it distasteful to vote on the Democratic Party line—the party of Tammany and Flynn.

On the other hand, you will not, I believe, want to vote on the American Labor Party line—a party associated in the public mind with Communists and fellow-travelers.

The Liberal Party is the third party that has nominated Mr. Roosevelt—indeed, the first party to do so in 1944. This new, expanding party is genuinely independent. It is controlled neither by city bosses nor by bureaucrats. It is unalterably dedicated to fight communism in this country in all its hydra-headed forms. And it stands four-square for the international policies for which so many of us are determined to cast an unequivocal vote.

Thus a vote on the Liberal Party line will be a vote for those international doctrines. Yet it will at the same time constitute a protest **against** the Democratic bosses—and our own Old Guard.

That is the line on which I am going to vote. And that is the line on which I hope every independent-minded Republican votes.

Row F on the voting machines; symbol—the Liberty Bell.

Russell W. Davenport

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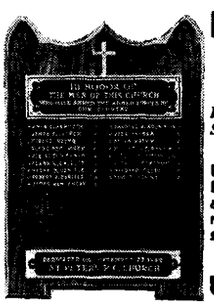

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New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Permit me to offer in the name of the officers and members of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters our heartfelt congratulations to THE COMMONWEAL upon its twentieth anniversary. We applaud the splendid work of your publication because it has stood for sound policies and principles in the interest of better race relations and the cause of the brotherhood of man.

A. PHILIP RANDOLPH,
International President,
Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I find THE COMMONWEAL an indispensable publication, marked by an exceptional degree of intellectual integrity and scholarship. It enables me, a Protestant, to keep pace with the best thought and viewpoint of the liberal Catholic world, and thus to broaden my own outlook.

I wish it years of success.

DOROTHY THOMPSON.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: I send you my very best wishes for THE COMMONWEAL's twentieth anniversary. I read it regularly and wouldn't miss it. It occupies a field of great importance which no one else occupies, and it does so very well indeed.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

St. Louis, Mo.

I am happy to greet THE COMMONWEAL on its twentieth anniversary. The *Post Dispatch,* which frequently reprints from it, regards it as a magazine of courage and intelligence and looks to it for interpretation of the finest Roman Catholic thought in America.

JOSEPH PULITZER, *Editor,*
St. Louis Post Dispatch.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have known and appreciated the work of THE COMMONWEAL for ten years and I congratulate today its editors as dear and old friends of mine. They perform an essential task, which demands no less concern for justice on earth as for charity. By giving testimony to the temporal mission of the Christian and by fighting for human rights and freedom according to the inspiration of the Gospel, THE COMMONWEAL serves both the welfare of the body politic and the Catholic Faith. I offer my wholehearted wishes to its editors on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary.

Longue vie et prosperité!

JACQUES MARITAIN.

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The Stage & Screen

The Visitor

I WILL confess immediately that I spent the three acts of Herman Shumlin's latest offering growing cumulatively and agonizedly nervous and could only attempt to console myself during the intermissions with inventing *Variety* headlines for my predicament. "Commonweal Cric Cracks!" was about the only quotable definition I could manage, a humiliating circumstance. If resentful horror supported by neither curiosity nor interest is the legitimate expected reaction to a mystery play, then I must personally record Kenneth White's adaptation of the Leane Zugsmith-Carl Randau novel as a success. *If.* The play deals with the usually fascinating problem of identity: a young boy mysteriously vanishes from the small-town home of his mother and stepfather; three years later, he, or his double, mysteriously returns and the ensuing time is spent determining his reality. An affair of life and death, of course, the piece is tightly woven about a small group of entirely unattractive and baffling characters all of whose motivation—plus the solution of their several actual and adumbrated crimes—is flatly, and I think unsatisfactorily, solved at the last curtain. So that one experiences a kind of double horror from the front: horror at the mysteriousness of the action under way, and horror at finding oneself compelled for so long to attend the doings of unpleasant, uninteresting people. The crux of the piece is certainly the Boy's Mother. Designed, I believe, to appeal to our credulity as a completely helpless woman inhabiting an abnormally dull house in an abnormally dull town and consistently refused advice and assistance by her abnormally evil acquaintances, the character, as written by Mr. White and directed by Mr. Shumlin, does not come off theatrically, however psychologically absorbing it may have been to read of in a book. The woman is neither beautiful enough nor in any way special enough to gain immediate sympathy, and her endless bewilderment and weakness is tedious rather than tragic. I most emphatically do not mean this as a criticism of Frances Carson's performance in the rôle. Miss Carson appeared to me entirely competent if perhaps a little fumbled by Mr. Shumlin's weighty and precise direction. It is simply that she should have been playing a Boldini woman drifting through the House of Usher to swing this roundabout for the stage. On the whole, performances are good although I thought the ingenue, Dorrit Kelton, somewhat awkward. Ralph Forbes as a Drunk, Thomas Chalmers as a retired Police Chief, Richard Hylton as the Boy are frightening. Howard Bay's setting seemed undramatically ugly. In conclusion, I might add that the significance of the title completely escapes me. Why not, I wonder, something from the current juke-box favorite: "Is you is/ Or is you ain't/ My baby?" For relief, I mean. (*At the Henry Miller.*)

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Meet A Body

HOWEVER fascinated, I was unable to understand this very well. A Locksmith with a twitch from an insane asylum who is also a noted and powerful Publisher arrives at a Mortuary to arrange for the disposal of his body after his approaching murder. Directly after his death, three associates of the Publisher (not the Locksmith) are murdered. A Policeman is murdered by the Locksmith's pal who spends most of the time being seen across the street through a window and is later killed after running up and down the aisles of the house. The telephone plays the *Danse Macabre* which I may say I adored, and one character has a sword in his stick. Two undertakers (Whitford Kane and Al Shean) stand about making nursery gestures at each other while the wife of one (Ruth McDevitt) tiresomely solves everything. It was my impression that the author (Jane Hinton), the director (William Castle), and the producer (H. Clay Blaney), should have been gently led elsewhere. (*At the Forrest.*)

I Remember Mama

THIS IS a pleasant evening. With Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd as producers, John Van Druten has physically lifted Kathryn Forbes's book—I judge it to have been a collection of memoirs—into the theater. Outlining the fortunes of a sterling Norwegian-American family in San Francisco some years ago, the piece is not a play but a series of scenes—a movie on the stage—and in order to achieve it, Mr. Van Druten has employed the device of a narrator, plus a novel and flexible setting designed by George Jenkins. The expensive enginery of this set I thought often distracting, and there is something perhaps a little too surprising about watching a character call out a door up-stage-left to a room which is simultaneously lit down-stage-right, but as certainly the only means of presenting the indomitable Mama of the title, her indomitable family, her Gentleman Boarder, her uproarious Uncle, her niminy Sisters, and the family Cat, Mr. Jenkins's mounting is ingenious. In the double and important rôle of Narrator and beloved eldest Daughter, Joan Tetzel carries a difficult job and I am uncertain whether Mr. Van Druten's direction has been of much help to her. Her reading as the Narrator is just that: a reading delivered in a reading tone of voice which, by virtue of the plot, makes sense; but it also makes for monotony and a lot of it, and one wishes that she might have been a little more confidential, less literary. A derivative actress (Hayes-Hepburn), Miss Tetzel is self-confident and moves well, but she is not, I think, as impressive as Frances Heflin who, in the somewhat easier part of the serious Daughter, plays to the hilt and holds the house in the palm of her hand. Mady Christians's Mama is wonderfully good: warm, lovable, with exact sureness, exact silences. And for the rest, I thought Oscar Homolka's Uncle Chris (with the exception of his last scene which was slow and unconvincing) a sensitive job; and Adrienne Gessner's Aunt Trina a delight. Lucinda Ballard's costumes are beautiful and, without exception, beautifully carried—a tribute to the director. My favorite scenes were the house ones, I think, with the family en masse; my favorite line, Mama's approving reference to "Fennimore Kipling." It's fun. (*At the Music Box.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

Hit Hard

FROM the beginning of the motion picture history, movies have been at their best when they dealt with violence. No matter whether it was cowboys and Indians chasing each other on the prairies, he-manly fisticuffs in hand-to-hand encounters, panoramic war scenes or just episodes with Pauline suffering through one of her many perils, the action made the movies move and the camera caught the excitement of things happening. That this activity involved danger and physical force was an added thrill for the spectator who frequently found in the motion picture a release for his tired nerves or a day dream into which he could project himself for a sensation seldom experienced in daily routine. "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), one of the earliest films to tell a story, was marked for its violent action. Audiences who now find that film naïve can see two new and outstanding examples that continue in the same tradition of violence. Moviegoers will realize that acting and photography have improved greatly in those forty years and that subtlety and sound have been added to cinema—but that violence is still the same old violence.

Readers of Ernest Hemingway may or may not be surprised to find little of the original story in the film version of *"To Have And Have Not."* Perhaps it's just as well, for that book can be classed near the bottom of Hemingway's achievements. Furthermore, scriptwriters William Faulkner and Jules Furthman have greatly improved the story and have successfully retained the Hemingway tone and style. And the Hemingway symbol—the hairy fist clutching a rose—permeates the film. The story, formerly about rum runners in Key West, is now laid in Martinique in 1940 and concerns mainly Harry Morgan, the owner of a cabin cruiser who runs his boat for game fishermen who can pay well. He is finally persuaded by Free French patriots to pick up one of their important men from another island and smuggle him to Port de France right under the noses of the Vichy police who control Martinique. As a Hemingway hero, Humphrey Bogart is a natural. Hard, independent, sure of himself but with a strong streak of Robin Hood shining through his tough exterior, Harry is portrayed by Bogart in one of his most vivid and moving characterizations. It is important and typical of this character that he is persuaded to go on the dangerous mission not out of sympathy for the Free French (or so he says) but because he is broke and wants to help a girl get away from the unsavory atmosphere of Port de France.

Bogart is surrounded by a cast that is noteworthy not for names but for fine performances: Walter Brennan as the liquor-soaked friend who thinks he is necessary to Harry's well-being, but actually could not exist without Harry's protection and care; Lauren Bacall (a most promising newcomer who looks and acts like a cross be-

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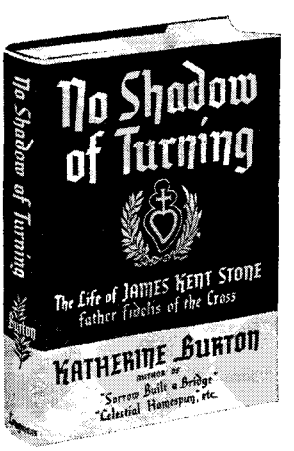

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tween Veronica Lake and Julie Haydon) as the café entertainer who slithers into Harry's life from an ambiguous past and then refuses to go home when she's well established in his present; Hoagy Carmichael as the wise and understanding, albeit sentimental, pianist in the café where many of these characters frequently gather to plan, spy or just to be present when the police come in and smash up the place; Marcel Dalio as the hotel proprietor and a leader of the Free French; Walter Molnar and Dolores Moran as the important man who is smuggled and his wife who has to be smuggled too—much to Harry's annoyance. Obviously with this mixture of intrigue, love making and international politics, "To Have and Have Not" follows the pattern of "Casablanca." For my money, it is a far more interesting film, even in spite of the fact that the story is weak at times and motivation is somewhat vague. To Howard Hawks, who produced and directed, should go credit for the film's realistic atmosphere. The barfly set, the reckless living-for-today attitude, Carmichael's piano playing and the Calypso type of music as well as several fine performances gives the picture a breathless intensity that keeps the audience keyed up for fear of missing something that might happen in the gloom of this darkly lighted locale. Although it does not abound in brawls and shooting scrapes, "To Have and Have Not" belongs to the school of violent action films, and its violence is all the more intense for its subtle implication.

Less subtle, more physically violent is *"Tall In The Saddle"* which has a plot typical of the grade B "Westerns" that are turned out of Hollywood by the hundreds. What puts "Tall in the Saddle" in the A class is Robert Fellows' first-rate production, Edwin L. Marin's direction of a good cast, and photography under the supervision of Robert de Grasse who shows a thorough understanding of what the cinema camera can and should do. Reckless, hard-riding heroes and villains guide their horses through mountainous scenery that is almost as exciting as the film's high pitched action. Virile John Wayne engages in several vigorous fights—one of which, with villainous Ward Bond is a to-the-finish affair that leaves the participants practically at death's door and the audience almost equally worn out. However all the effects are not obtained through rough-and-tumble. There is a tense poker game (followed by a fight, of course) and there is a realistic scene in which Cowboy Wayne bakes biscuits for himself and pal (played by George "Gabby" Hayes who is typical of many a Western's comedy-relief buddy-to-the-hero). At the end of this quiet domestic scene, Wayne gets a bullet through his hat. Another unusual point in this super-Western is the presence of two heroines: Ella Raines in pants and spurs as a hell-cat who hires Wayne just to be able to fire him later; Audrey Long as a more feminine blonde who withdraws gracefully from the love triangle when the hero turns out to be her long lost cousin. You have to overlook a lot of plot machinations in "Tall in the Saddle," but you'll find it the fastest and toughest Western of the season.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

THE BATTLE AGAINST ISOLATION. *Walter Johnson. Chicago.* $3.00.

The War and William Allen White

SOMEBODY remarked the other day that when you come right down to it we were all isolationists, in that none of us really wanted to get into the present war. There were a few exceptions, but as a general statement that comment stands. It helps explain why the American soldier does not yet know what positive objectives he is fighting and dying for. Self-absorbed and comparatively well-fed, the American people, perhaps more than any other people, wanted only to be left to their own devices. The knowledge that this was impossible painfully and gradually dawned upon them but was not thrust into the full light of day until the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The development of this unwelcome realization is an absorbing study and can hardly be better illustrated than in the case of William Allen White, Editor of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette* and for a time Chairman of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. The author of "The Battle Against Isolation" produced the volume as a by-product of a biography of Mr. White; thus his current study deals largely with only one corner of that nationwide propaganda "battle," a very hot corner to be sure.

William Allen White appears as a soul-searching, public-spirited son of the Middle West, who was sorely troubled by the prospect of another war. Although he had a son of military age, he was unhappy over the truism that the old men make the wars and the young men have to fight them. It was characteristic of his native honesty that he protested most violently to the President and to Secretary Hull over the permission granted to transfer our ships to Panama registry in order to evade the neutrality laws and use them for trade with a belligerent.

Like multitudes of his fellow-Americans, Mr. White clung to the hope that by aiding Britain to the fullest possible extent, we might hold off from active participation in the war. On more than one occasion he stated clearly that his object in heading the Committee was to keep us out of war by blocking the dictators. And yet there were moments when he wondered within himself whether such a policy would actually accomplish all he wanted. His determination to keep us out finally led to a break with the Committee, for events were moving too fast for him. After his departure—also occasioned by his inability to see eye to eye with his constituents of the "Century Club group," the consistent interventionists who later formed the Fight for Freedom Committee—the steps which the CDAAA advocated became more and more provocative. Within a week after the passage of Lend-Lease they were calling for Anglo-American naval collaboration in the Pacific, transfer of more destroyers and merchant ships to the Allies and even convoys to Europe by American naval vessels if necessary.

The underlying theory was that Britain—our defense against the Axis—must not go down regardless. Mr. Johnson's book, centered as it is on William Allen White, makes some important points in its summary

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of that high-powered propaganda campaign. It indicates that Mr. Roosevelt took such steps as the destroyer deal only after months of pressure from influential friends. It suggests ways in which educators, publicists and men in political life can be organized to make great dents in American public opinion. And it shows how once a movement has attained momentum it can keep a step ahead of actual events.

When the threat to the nation is immediate, such committees as the CDAAA can be extraordinarily successful. The question remains whether a similar strategy will work in peacetime once the immediate pressure is off. Pearl Harbor thrust a war upon us which many believe to have been inevitable. Even so the contrast between the readiness with which we go to war and the lethargy we exhibit toward steps which will secure us against future wars could hardly be more disquieting.

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER. *D. W. Brogan. Knopf.* $2.50.

Middle Class America

D W. BROGAN has been described as the best informed interpreter of the American scene who is not an American. His latest book, "The American Character," does much to substantiate such a claim, although it leaves out broad areas of American life of which Mr. Brogan tells us nothing. He is at his best describing the operation of our political institutions and the general color of middle class life. Both of these things he manages superbly. Thus his analysis of how our Federal Congress operates should prove illuminating to any American reader, who is very likely to say to himself, "That's true; why did I never think of it before?" Mr. Brogan's description of the rôle played by American women in a feminine quest for security and in a feminine desire to curb the anarchical male and to impose discipline upon him is both amusing and reasonably true. Everything he says is witty and readable and urbane.

"The American Character" was written to provide English readers with some notion of how they might expect the United States to act in the years after the war. In England the book was called "The American Problem," which is perhaps a better if a less tactful title. For obviously Mr. Brogan has concentrated his attention on those aspects of American life which have repercussions outside our own frontiers. This may be the reason why he does not discuss our labor movement or our principal social problems. If this is the reason for his neglect, it seems shortsighted and superficial. For the solution of our social problems is vitally important in determining our attitude to other countries. So long as we are reasonably prosperous, we are likely to be reasonably generous. But if our minds become preoccupied with internal problems, we shall tend either toward imperialism or toward isolationism. It is true that Mr. Brogan very adequately describes the psychological effects of the 1929 crash, but that is by no means the whole story.

In any case, "The American Character" is worth reading. It is a friendly and understanding appraisal of our foibles and our qualities, which enables us a little to see ourselves as others see us.

A rather curious case is that of Mr. Brogan. He has written brilliantly about France and he understands France as well as any foreigner; now he writes with equal perception about America. The British, then, *can* understand?

ERNEST DOWSON. *Mark Longaker. Pennsylvania.* $4.00.

Cynara

WHETHER it was called a campus or a yard or whether it had a fence against which only certain of the favored might lean, and whether the buildings were Gothic or Georgian or just dismal, there has never been a college in America or in England or in Australia —wherever English is the language—there has never been a college, whether run by Jesuits or Presbyterians or progressives, in which young men have not said to each other, quoting or misquoting, that they had been faithful in their fashion, between the kisses and the wine, had flung roses riotously with the throng, had called for louder music and for stronger wine, repeating fragment after fragment of Ernest Dowson's "Non sum Qualis eram. . . ." They had never seen a "bought red mouth"; they were faithful, before anyone in their lives could claim from them the slightest fidelity. But it was a lovely moment and we all remember it. "Last night, ah yesternight." For many perhaps it was the moment in which for the first time words, in their proper order and rhyming, were heard as poetry, were heard suddenly as they were meant to be heard. Soon then there would be a notebook and, year after year, there would be another young man filling another notebook with his first cadences.

There was Dowson's legend also. It was confused somewhat with the barmaids of "The Everlasting Mercy" and the unforgettable question in that poem which asked if these could be chaste, but Dowson's love was not a barmaid, she was the extremely young daughter of a Polish restaurant keeper in Soho, and her name, Adelaide Foltinowicz, certainly did not fit in with Masefield's old English. Dowson loved her; she did not marry him; Dowson was sad and died. And so the legend was true. There was Cynara—no efforts could revive many others of his poems—and there was the legend. That would be, and is enough to be grateful for, and in the colleges, indefinitely, young men will not be lacking in gratitude; they will be faithful to Dowson in their fashion. Growing old, they will be faithful also, ever ready with their tribute to romanticism.

Mark Longaker, who has written Dowson's life with great conscientiousness and care, does not harm the legend because it is a gray, sad misty legend which facts can hardly destroy. One reads Dowson's life, setting the legend aside for the moment, with an entirely differing interest in the life of an English poet; the life takes on its own interest, and after considering it one returns to the legend.

Dowson's life was that of a man who inherited more than a rightful share of intense misery, and who, finally, was destroyed by that misery. Everything else is accidental. Even the lyric gift is accidental. The "decadence" of the nineties, the *Yellow Book*, the *Savoy*, the flight to Paris, the friendships, the loss of the friendships, the poverty, the translations, the drink, Toulouse-Lautrec and Wilde, all that is accidental to the central catastrophe of a man called to suffering, who struggled to understand suffering, the meaning of suffering, but who, looking deep into himself and nowhere else, found no answer to his questioning. Meredith cried "More brains, Oh Lord, more brains," and there might have been love, but there was no objectivity in his thinking

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and his love was not objective either—even when it endured so long for Missie in the Polish restaurant. For there, also, it was something in himself that he loved. Not complacently—oh far from that—but with precisely the despair which prevented that love from accomplishment. As for his Catholicism, we cannot speak of that because we can know nothing of that; no one can know anything of that, no one can presume to speak of that; all that one may say is that it did not visibly touch him.

He loved the French and Verlaine but he was essentially a normal Englishman and neither the French nor Verlaine could help him. There was, in Verlaine, a vicious side, a hidden and sometimes apparent will to desecrate, but there was always an immense knowledge. a calm certainty that there were truth and purity to desecrate. As there was also in Rimbaud. Even when Verlaine seemed entirely senile there would always be a flash of this knowledge, this certainty. In Dowson there was no vicious side; Dowson did not know very much about evil; but then he did not know very much about anything else. He lived in a narrow world. He had been brought up in Italy, in France; there had been Oxford for a while; he knew Yeats and Lionel Johnson; he was not unfriendly; he talked to people; yet, somehow, he was very much alone. When he wrote his poems they were about his loneliness; when he tried to write a novel or two, they were still about the very small, the very closed, the more or less uninteresting world he knew.

It was a world in which the busy bees were active; the English and the Irish were learning about the French; they were taking the new art from the French. Symons and Moore and the painters and Synge too, they were all traveling to Paris and bringing back things that they put to use. Poor Dowson.

More Books of the Week

Bureaucracy. Ludwig von Mises. Yale. $2.00.

EVERY fourth year, a month or two before Election Day, a number of neat little books roll of the presses and as you read them you think to yourself, "I wonder if there is any connection between this book and the election, and if so, which candidate would the author like to see elected?" Sometimes the candidate is Democratic, but much more often the candidate is Republican. In the case of "Bureaucracy" by Ludwig von Mises a more than usually skilful job is done, because the author doesn't refer once to the election, the candidates, the parties, or even the present administration, and yet on every page you can see the slogan emblazoned in large black letters: "Vote For Thomas E. Dewey!"

The jacket describes Professor von Mises as "head of the famous 'Austrian School of Economics.'" Could it be that the city of Manchester is actually located in Austria? For the fact is that the eminent Professor is one of the last survivors of an old breed, the *pure* Manchesterian economist, complete with absolute *laissez faire*, a plug for Horatio Alger, no trade unions and the ancient war cry "Profit Motive über Alles!"

"Bureaucracy" is, in fact, one of the most amazing exhibitions seen in these parts in many years. The Professor is no dunce. He delivers a critique of socialism that is clever, penetrating and often damaging. **He is**

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a well-read, cultivated man who knows his Plato and can quote Goethe's tribute to double-entry bookkeeping without even stopping for breath.

But then the Professor turns to his eulogy of pure, unregulated capitalism, and suddenly, right there before your eyes, he disintegrates completely and begins babbling the most absurd and vicious nonsense. It is really a nerve-shattering spectacle. One minute you see before you the sound, cultivated scholar; the next minute a dangerous character frothing at the mouth.

These are perhaps harsh words, but judge for yourself. Here are some samples: ". . . No profit-seeking enterprise, no matter how large, is liable to become bureaucratic provided the hands of its management are not tied by government interference"; "The captain is the consumer. . . . They [the consumers] determine what should be produced and in what quantity and quality"; "The books and the balance sheets are the conscience of business"; thanks to the profit motive, "there is no need to look for special protection for the employees against arbitrariness on the part of their employers"; "The very fact that labor is, under capitalism, a commodity and is bought and sold as a commodity makes the wage earner free from any personal dependence"; "Mankind is doomed when the youths are deprived of the opportunity to remodel society according to their own fashion"; ". . . in an unhampered labor market, manipulated neither by labor union pressure nor by government fixed minimum wage rates, unemployment affects only small groups for a short time."

To be very calm and objective about it, the Professor's mistake is not that he thinks that world of completely free, unregulated competition is the best of all possible worlds. That is a legitimate subject for day-dreaming. What is inexcusable is that an intelligent man should believe, or pretend, that such a world is possible here and now. Actually, the last people in the world who want, or would tolerate, really free competition are those who scream most loudly about government interference, namely, the big business men. The truth is that these gentlemen want, not an unregulated economy, but an economy rigidly planned and strictly regulated by themselves in their own interests. Has the Professor never heard of trade associations or of big-three, big-four, or big-five combines that fix prices at a high level of profit and then invent clever devices to throttle competitors rash enough to cut those prices? There is no evidence in "Bureaucracy" that the Professor has ever heard of such things, or if he has, that he is either willing or able to defend them. In either case he has no business writing books on political economy and expecting sensible folk to take them seriously.

The fallacy of "Bureaucracy" and the fallacy—nay, the tragedy, the disaster—of modern times is the terrible heresy that between the evils of completely "free" capitalism and those of totalitarian socialism there is, as the Professor obligingly proclaims it with so much confidence, "no compromise possible . . . no middle way, no third system possible as a pattern of a permanent social order." Where are the Catholic economists, preachers, writers labor leaders and employers to give the lie to this awful nonsense? Where are the men to use their intelligence not only in destructive criticism of both socialism *and* capitalism, but in constructive exposition of the nature and composition of a sound, Christian state and a sound, Christian economy?

This Publishing Business

BUSLOAD OF SAINTS WITH A SECRET

The announcement of Henri Ghéon's death in Paris comes in the same month as the publication of the omnibus volume containing his four most famous saints' lives. It would be good to arrive in heaven with a book like that in one's hand. Henri Ghéon was the man who brought the saints into the Catholic Revival and, as we now see, it would have looked pretty thin without them. He wrote of almost nothing else but saints. By thus restricting himself he gained enormously. In the first place, he avoided monotony. Men are in their essential personality irreducibly diverse; but sin blots out the distinctions and reduces the diversity: sin drains out the color of the man (which is his own and inimitable) and replaces it with the color of sin which is common property: all sinners look less like themselves and more like one another.

Saints anyhow are undiminished personalities and therefore diverse: but in this present Omnibus the four passengers are about as various as even saints could be:

The Curé d'Ars
St. Thérèse of Lisieux
St. Margaret Mary
St. John Bosco

two women, two men; two contemplative, two active; it is doubtful if any category but sanctity could bring those two women together, or those two men.

Secondly, he secures vitality; his kind of painting demands unlessened vitality in the sitter: sin, being a following of the line of least resistance, inevitably lessens vitality. Virtue, of course, does not mean the absence of sin: it means the right direction of energy. To quote Chesterton:

If you think virtue has languor
Just try it and see.

The sort of "virtuousness" which avoids the wrong direction of energy because there is no energy, is a mere nullity.

All this is obvious: the Saints are vital, colorful persons. But they do not always look it in their biographies. They always look it when Ghéon is the biographer. Why? What is the secret of Henri Ghéon? It is (apart from genius for which I do not know the formula) that he always paints what he sees: not what he ought to see: what he *does* see.

Naturally the result sometimes startled a Catholic world nourished upon hagiographers who never dreamed of seeing anything but their own notion of what a Saint ought to be like. Such men would produce not a portrait of a living human being, but "A photograph that has been touched up and prettified, made to look soft and ecstatic". But, as Ghéon saw, the work of grace is best understood if we really see the nature upon which grace has had to work; it is a poor compliment to grace to leave the impression that when it entered into a particular nature it found nothing to do.

It is hard to think of a writer who lives more in the reality of things, who more continuously sees not simply what is visible but what is there. That being so, the supernatural is to him the normal. He does not wonder at the Saints. He wonders at himself and at us, his fellow sinners. They are the norm. We are the grotesque and scarcely credible variations from the norm. (SECRETS OF THE SAINTS: $3.00) —F.J.S.

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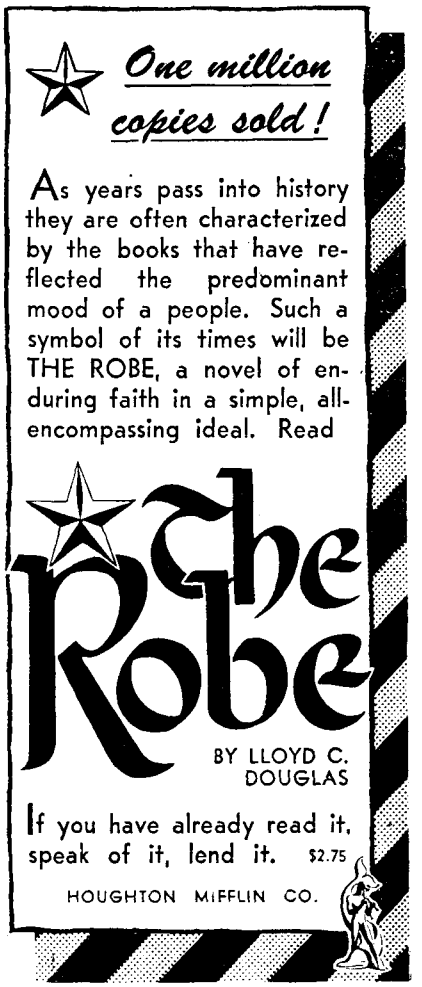
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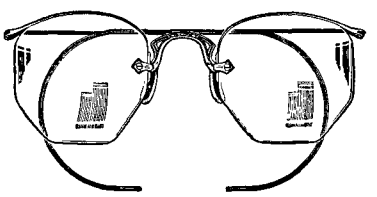

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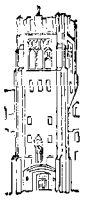

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Too long have the prophets of stupidity and confusion held the center of the stage. It is time for the prophets of truth to make their entrance. But where are we, the prophets of truth? Mostly we seem to be still out in the dressing rooms, trembling with stage-fright and mumbling our lines to each other like so many nervous amateurs. It is really too bad. Perhaps we aren't praying hard enough.

JOHN C. CORT.

Ronsard. D. B. Wyndham Lewis. Coward McCann Sheed and Ward. $3.50.

"RONSARD'S world was bloody and beautiful, ours is bloody and ugly," remarks Mr. Wyndham Lewis; and quoting De Nolhac, he adds that the sixteenth century poet "orchestrated French rhythms for a concert not yet ended." With those two texts for foundation, he builds up a biography as rich and as vibrant—to borrow once again his own *mots justes*—as the life which furnished its subject.

Ronsard the Phoenix, to whom our own century has returned somewhat paradoxically after the neglect of 300 years, was the typical poet of the Renaissance. And no one is more brilliantly equipped to interpret the Renaissance in its grandiose vitality—its power and its weakness, its scholarship and its sophistry, its amazing evil and amazing goodness—together with the dazed disenchantment of its modern descendants, than the Catholic scholar responsible for this book.

The poet was born in 1524, of the upper middle class stock which was quickly edging its way into the more gilded aristocracy, and had a typically French Renaissance upbringing. At ten he was a student at the strenuous College de Navarre—frequented a century earlier by the star-crossed Villon, whom, of course, Ronsard and his companions did not think worth mentioning. As a court page the youth visited Scotland, where he probably saw the dour young John Knox soon to become an apostate priest; also England, where he undoubtedly saw Henry VIII, the apostate king who had already sent Thomas More, the "noblest and merriest of all the English," to his martyrdom. Shortly after completing his training as page Ronsard succumbed to the partial deafness which cut off the possibility of a military career and consecrated him safely to the Muses. At his father's suggestion he succumbed also to one of those ante-Tridentine abuses by which, in receiving Minor Orders, he could take advantage of the "legal subterfuge" which permitted a layman to receive the income from an ecclesiastical benefice for the rest of his life.

This life Mr. Wyndham Lewis divides into seven periods, each punctuated and poetically inspired by the inamorata of the moment. Since the first was Pallas Athene or classical culture, another encompassed his chivalrous devotion to the radiant and tragic Queen of Scots—with whom, as the author aptly comments, "everybody was (and is) in love"—and several others hovered on the Platonic side, the story was not as hectic as might be supposed. In fact, Ronsard was even more successful in his genius for friendship and for scholarship. The fact that his "saturation" in Latin and Greek literature brought about a temporary paganism Mr. Lewis explains rather ingeniously as schizophrenia or split personality. Happily the classical infatuation did not keep him from writing in the lovely vernacular of his day, so that the coming and passing of each new love were transmitted into sonnet, song or ode along with the pageant of the

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court and the other pageant of the French countryside. It was the bitter religious wars which "shocked" Ronsard back to Catholicism, and if the later hymns seem pale enough beside the burning ecstasies of his Spanish contemporary, John of the Cross, they were the peers of any Christian poetry written in the France of those years.

Wyndham Lewis's pictures of the old suffering, working, smiling poet are as vivid as the earlier ones of life at the feverish University of Paris, and once again mark the author as a superb biographer. The mantle of Hilaire Belloc—to whom the present volume is dedicated—seems to have fallen upon his shoulders. But like every true artist, he "wears it with a difference."

KATHERINE BREGY.

Rivers of the Eastern Shore. Hulbert Footner. Farrar. $2.50.

I AM strongly prejudiced in favor of this book, and for two very good reasons. The long and growing series of "Rivers of America" is an outstanding contribution. Everyone who has had part in it has produced a fine and lasting work. "Rivers of the Eastern Shore" stands high among them. That is one reason. The other is that these are my very own people he is describing, and I like us. The nine counties of the Eastern Shore and the west shore river counties from the Potomac to the head of Chesapeake are the heart-land of Maryland. This is the soil in which we have our deep roots. We may be soldiers, sailors, or far travelers beyond all the seas and continents, but this is where we belong no matter how far we may go or how long we stay away. There is hardly a better way than by the "Rivers of America" series to present to city folk the meaning of our old founding America, which came up out of the sea, along our Atlantic coastal rivers, into the forests, foot-hills, mountains and great plains; where, again, we met rivers flowing southward or west till we reached our utmost boundaries. This most recent one of the series is well told, with humor, with pathos, historical and geographical accuracy, good local psychology and sociology—and, with *tact.* Yes, that is essential among us county Marylanders. We speak our minds freely. We remember old generation-long friendships and kinships though we may never have met. And old quarrels, old enmities, even old wars. Old Virginians who have been Marylanders for a couple of hundred years and more still remember the old feud between the Eastern Shore and St. Marys; the bitter war between Church of England men, Puritans, and Roman Catholics, all of the same English breed. Tact still comes in there. Mr. Hulburt Footner has done it well so I love his book.

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of them being Christian Reuter's "Schelmuffsky" (1696), in which the citizen of a small provincial town overcomes the dullnes of his monotonous life by relating the most exciting imaginary experiences. The famous Munchausen with his aristocratic background surpassed even Schelmuffsky's style by telling his hair-raising lies, as a contemporary admirer has stated, "tout cavalièrement" and in the matter of fact style of the encyclopedists, with many precise, scientific details.

Seventeen tales attributed to Baron Munchausen were published at Berlin in the year 1781 and 1783 in the *"Vademecum für lustige Leute"* (Almanac for Merry People). Whether they are really stories by Munchausen or not we do not know.

While the German publication caused no sensation, the English version, by Rudolf Erich Raspe an immigrant from Germany, which was published in 1786 in Oxford, became a best seller. The book appeared without mention of the German original nor the translator, but supplemented by four stories of Raspe's own invention.

When the German, Gottfried August Buerger, a romantic poet before the period of romanticism, read this book, he was spellbound. Ignoring the German original, he hurried to retranslate Raspe's English version into German. But in doing so, the fantastic poet enriched the text with inventions of his own and added thirteen new stories, in fact the most colorful of the Munchausen adventures (Goettingen 1786-88). This edition became a literary classic and was retranslated again into English.

When the sophisticated Théophile Gautier decided to publish a French edition of Buerger's "Munchausen," he was shocked by the coarseness of the German humor. And his translation as well became a recasting; he expurgated most of the obscenities; he polished Buerger's lusty baron into a more distinguished man of the world and transposed sloppy colloquia into classical language. This bowdlerized version of Munchausen was the text for which Doré, one of the greatest illustrators of the nineteenth century, made his famous drawings.

The Pantheon Books edition is a compromise based on both Buerger and Gautier. The stories not translated by Gautier, and therefore not illustrated by Doré, are omitted, thus reducing Buerger's 34 chapters to only 18—just enough for the modern reader. In the elimination of the shocking and obscene, the book follows Gautier's version while it returns to Buerger's original wherever Gautier's corrections made the story less poetic. Thus we now have an excellent text, translated anonymously into a vigorous English, much superior to Raspe's version.

But the most beautiful feature of this book is the excellent reproduction of the complete Doré illustrations. These stress the fantastic element of Munchausen's adventures, add many picturesque details and radiate a sense of humor much more delicate than does the text. The most impressive drawings of this book are those of the queer animals under the level of the sea. Here Doré created a world entirely of his own.

Certainly it was under the influence of Gautier-Doré's Munchausen that Alphonse Daudet created his French bourgeois hero, the lovable Tartarin de Tarascon.

MAX FISCHER.

Attack Upon Christendom. Soren Kierkegaard. Translated by Walter Lowrie. Princeton. $2.50.

KIERKEGAARD died before the last installment of this book was published. It appeared first in the

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form of articles in the Copenhagen paper, *Fatherland*. Those who belong to the ever-growing clientèle of the great Soren Kierkegaard find him here at his best; his wit and his seriousness, his brilliant style and his irrefutable reasoning, his stinging sarcasm and his profound humility make this book a wonderful resumé of his whole life work. While he hammers out one thought, he is never as tiresomely prolix and digressive as in many of his other books; and since he feeds us in small, medium and large gulps, we can for once keep up with his breathless and tense way of writing without losing the thread of his thought. The Hegelian weirdness of his vocabulary is also reduced to a minimum. Most of his fundamental concepts, e.g., that Christianity is not identical with the geographic "Christendom," that it is a polemical concept, the difference between apostle and it means to be contemporaneous in a Christian way; the genius; what a whiteness is; what the "Instant" is; what difference between the "Pattern" and the "Mediator"; who the glorious ones are; the sin of "tranquilizing" Christianity; who the public are and what their function is and what he calls despair. It is as if the sick man who obviously felt his end approach had made his last heroic effort to say it all again.

There is, in spite of Soren Kierkegaard's violent and sarcastic attacks on Luther and Protestantism, in spite of Karl Barth or Erich Przywara, nothing Catholic in this man. His attitude to anything like sacramentation, priesthood and organized church shows him definitely on the Protestant side of the fence or among the ancient Montanists. Tertullian, equally great and equal as a writer, would be my bet as his favorite. His praise of celibacy should not mislead Catholics to claim him—his reasons for it, as for martyrdom, are, though genuinely Christian, unpalatable.

This whole book was touched off by the platitudinous funeral oration delivered at a Lutheran bishop's grave. His successor had called him a "witness of the truth" and brought him near the word apostle. The merciless outpourings of Soren Kierkegaard are neither meant to be used by anti-clericals or sectarians, as they have been by Bonaiuti in Italy and by Unamuno in Spain, nor are they literature for what S.K. calls with scorn the "public." If all of us priests in the United States and everywhere read it—*cum permissu superiorum*, of course —our education guaranteeing that we make distinctions without becoming the "public," a great thing would happen and the angels would rejoice. In some places S.K. is unjust, often he is wrong, sometimes he is searingly right and trenchantly true and always is he "Christianly" correct. In his chapter, "A dose of Pessimism," S.K. writes: "Must one not be disgusted at being a man! For those millions who upon their knees made the pilgrimage to 'His' grave [Christ's], the human crowd which no power was able to disperse; only one thing was needed that Christ should come again—and all these millions would at once acquire feet and take to their heels . . . or perhaps as a mass would stand upright and fall upon Christ to put Him to death."

Walter Lowrie has surpassed himself as translator and editor and stands now definitely on an equal level with Theodor Jaecker. I still maintain, however, that the ministers who S.K. attacked were in no way "priests" in the Anglo-Saxon or any other sense, even if the Danes and others use that word. One minor, rather foolish error is, however, his translation of the title of the famous

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Copenhagen newspaper, *Berlingske Tidende* as the *Berlin News*—of all things. The paper was founded in 1748 by the brothers Berling, good, honest Danes who weren't ashamed to call their paper after its publishers: "Berling's Newspaper." Dr. Lowrie's translation and notes bring into relief the hidden sinews that lead to Karl Barth—therefore this is a book all students must consult. His choice of short introductory sections from S.K.'s journals is most helpful. The chapters most clearly revealing S.K.'s anti-sacramental and anti-sacerdotal position are the ones on infant baptism and on page 243. He compared himself rightfully with Socrates—I think his socratic rôle among Christians is not yet at an end.

More than biographies, his own short sermons or books about him, this book is the best introduction to Soren Kierkegaard—as an object of study, a thing that would disgust him thoroughly. Because he wanted to convert only.

H. A. REINHOLD.

Lee's Lieutenants. Volume III Douglas S. Freeman. Scribner's. $5.00.

WATCHING an army die is a tragic experience. That is precisely what you do as you read the final volume of Freeman's definitive treatment of Lee's associates. "Stonewall" Jackson's death had removed him from this group on May 10, 1863, and therefore the Confederate forces in the closing months of the war were without his genius and inspiring influence. He was sadly missed at Gettysburg, in July, 1863. That battle is given a lengthy treatment, and whether you like war or hate it, you will learn from reading this account how seemingly insignificant are the factors which at times determine whether the outcome will be victory or defeat. Lee secured little real help from Ewell or Longstreet. Had Ewell possessed even a small fraction of the initiative which had been associated with Jackson, Gettysburg might well have been a Southern victory. Likewise, had Longstreet not been suddenly possessed by an unaccountable indifference to Lee's plans, the Confederates might have won the battle, and could then have pushed on further North, thereby profoundly influencing the outcome of the war.

But because of this apparent inefficiency and indifference upon the part of his lieutenants, Lee had to move his army southward again, and as he set out for the Potomac, he was actually starting on the march toward Appomattox and the end. As Freeman observes, "None realized . . . that Gettysburg was more than a battle in which the army, winning two days, had been unable on the third day to drive the enemy from a position of great strength. Mercifully or tragically, none could see that the afternoon of the Confederacy had come." The "afternoon" blended into evening as a result of the terrible days in the Wilderness, in May, 1864, and finally into deep night as Lee's forces were reduced by Grant's campaign against Richmond. Desertion had become common in the Confederate army; by March, 1865, there were perhaps 100,000 deserters at large. Supplies were running low; nothing but the spirit of Lee and his lieutenants kept the army functioning. But on April 9, with his forces practically surrounded, Lee realized that there was nothing left but to surrender. Freeman is scrupulously fair to Grant and the Northerners, although sympathetic to Lee. This will be considered the best book of the year on American history.

PAUL KINIERY.

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The Inner Forum

Unity of the Human Race

Catholic Action, official monthly of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, features in its current issue an article on the unity of all human beings and among States, by Reverend J. J. Considine, M.M., Vicar General of Maryknoll. It applies the traditional teachings in these matters to the present chaos.

Father Considine stresses four points in which Christian teaching underlines the unity of all individual human beings. The first of these is unity of creation and when on various occasions down the ages slave traders and others have tried to maintain that Negroes and Indians or other colonial peoples were not men in the full sense of the term, the Church condemned this view. In the second place it has always been a Christian belief that God created the earth "to be held in common stewardship by the whole human race." The injunction to love one's neighbor and the parable of the Good Samaritan extend Christian fellowship to every people. Thirdly, all men are one in that they suffer the effects of original sin. Finally we are all united in Christ's Redemption. "All men, the Church teaches, were created the same, given the same rights, suffered the same by the Fall, were redeemed by Christ in the same manner. . . . Only 15 percent of mankind are Catholic and another 15 percent non-Catholic Christians. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' applies . . . to the 70 percent of men who are non-Christians as well as to the little minority whom we count among our own."

There is some similarity between the fundamental rights due the human person and those to be enjoyed by the State. Father Considine cites Suarez to the effect that States also have the same duties of mutual justice and charity as is required of individual human beings. "Hence absolute independence and unqualified isolationism are condemned by Suarez. Love and justice and mercy should rule the nations in their relation with each other." Such relations can in time lead to a "worthily guided and wisely governed world society" embodied in a union of states.

CONTRIBUTORS

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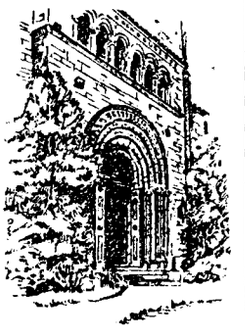

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